

THE
COOL
OF THE
DAY



DWIGHT



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THE
COOL OF THE DAY

AND
OTHER POEMS

BY GEORGE S. DWIGHT

ARRANGED BY
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NEW YORK
GEO. M. ALLEN COMPANY
BROADWAY & 21st ST.
1892

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THE COOL OF THE DAY.

RE queenly night hath quite possessed the throne
But late made vacant by the exiled Sun ;

While loyal clouds that linger in the West
Still wear his royal colors on the breast—
Comes a brief pause, delicious in its sway,
The rarest hour of summer's fairest day !
A restful island in a restless sea—
The rich andante of a symphony.
Bathed in the beauty of the evening flush,
Nature seems listening in a reverent hush—
As if alert with quickened sense to hear
The coming of some blessed presence near.
Sweet odors rise from off the grasses slain,
Like holy thoughts that follow heaven-sent
pain—

Infinite pathos thrills through earth and sky
Like wedded rythm of song and poetry ;
My heart-strings pulsing to the self-same
strain,
A harp of joy, just lightly touched by pain—
The tone of sadness serving to complete

And round a joy already passing sweet.
The gentle thrush, from out the shadowy
 grove
Sends sweet confession of contented love ;
The outbreak of that speechless tenderness
Nor man nor bird can ever quite express—
Though well her liquid voice hath struck
 the key
Of that divine, pervading sympathy,
Which from the skies and grasses at my feet,
Blends in the air harmonious and sweet ;
Awakening tender thoughts within my
 breast,
Memories of toil and hopes of coming rest ;
Thoughts with which nature is in full ac-
 cord,
As though her spirit spake an answering
 word.

Whence comes this undefined and mystic
 power,
This gentle grace of twilight's pensive hour?
This nameless charm, that to our inmost
 sense
Enters with still and hallowing influence?
As if the angel of this outward calm,
Laid on our souls her touch of blissful
 balm—
Is it that earth, enshrined in love doth hold,
The memory of those Eden hours of old,

When at the twilight God Himself came
down

To walk the garden with His loved and
own—

And consecrates this time of joy and rest,

A sweet memorial of her former guest?

Or can it be that still at close of day

The Lord from Heaven earthward takes His
way?

And that the landscape, hushed in rapture
meet,

Expects the coming of His Kingly feet—

Till mountain peak and meadow's daisied
sod

Are instinct with the presence of their God?

Surely, oh heart—no other hour of day

So woos from care and war of self away—

Until we seem to tread fair Beulah's land,

'Mid paths of peace led by the Father's hand!

Oh! may my spirit at the close of life,

Enjoy such respite from the day's long
strife,

And through the twilight walk the home-
ward path

Alone with God, without a thought of death!

REST IN THE LORD, AND WAIT
PATIENTLY FOR HIM.

 HIS rest is not the brief release,
That only lasts while tempests
cease—
A transient and uncertain peace.

Nor yet the long, untroubled sleep
Of coral groves beneath the deep,
That know not when the whirlwinds sweep.

It is that constant, changeless calm,
Which midst the billows' worst alarm,
Holdeth its faith, nor feareth harm.

A rest, not on, but "in the Lord ;"
Ah, could another human word
Such sense of restfulness afford !

As if, encircled by his love
On either side, beneath, above,
The soul lost all desire to rove.

Content to wait his chosen day,
Nor count such waiting as delay,
Though planets melt and suns decay.

THE MYSTIC GATE.

TO J. R. B.



H ! dark and shadowed door !
Oh ! glory-shining portal !
Lying our path before—

Leading to the immortal !
Thou art the end of toil and strife ;
To weary ones the "Gate of Life."
Yet, since thy noiseless hinge and lock
Yield only to the gentle knock
Of Nature's latest breath,
Mortals do call thee "Death."

Oh ! silent, swinging door !
How smoothly dost thou move
To let—thy threshold o'er,
The feet of those we love.
How slight thy mystic barrier seems
Between us and the "Land of Dreams !"
How fine the veil, how thin the screen,
Hung Paradise and Pain between !
So slight—that it doth not withstand
The pressure of the childish hand !
So fine—the infant's closing sigh
Will sway the folds, to let it by.

Oh ! noiseless, swinging door !
How gently dost thou ope
To pass into the " Evermore,"
The treasures of our hope !
But once beyond thine archway past,
Thou shuttest to and standest fast !
Fast!—though our hearts would fain pursue
The darlings who have just gone through.
Vain, throbbing heart, is thy pursuing,
The hidden bolt there's no undoing !
Thou canst not turn the secret lock !
Firm stands the gate as ad'mant rock !
Thou canst but sit thee down and wait
The opening of the silent gate ;
Ere long it shall to thee unfold,
And entrance give to " streets of gold !"

Beloved ! is the waiting weary ?
Doth all without the gate seem dreary ?
Is thy heart with grief opprest ?
Art thou sighing for thy rest ?
Thirsting for renewed love,
In the deathless land above ?
Canst thou now no longer wait ?
Wouldst thou *rise and storm the gate* ?
Patience ! Sit thee down and watch,
Mindful who doth hold the latch,
Thou knowest what He did to save thee,
And how He yearneth now to have thee ;
Will He be slow to ope the door,

And welcome home for evermore?
Behold ! traced on the arch above,
His own sweet words of cheer and love :

“ Let not your spirit troubled be,
“ Ye trust the Father—trust in Me :
“ Within His house are mansions fair—
“ Which for Our loved ones I prepare.
“ When thine is done, I’ll ope the door,
“ And thou shalt stand without no more,
“ But to My longing arms shalt flee,
“ That, where I am, thou mayest be.”

Then sit thee down, content to wait
His opening of the mystic gate ;
Repine not at thy lengthened watch,
Since His dear hand is on the latch.

RESURRECTION.

TO J. W. D.



SPRING, than other springs more
fair !

Strange rapture thrills thy balmy
air—

A mystic charm, whose presence flings
Unwonted grace o'er common things !
The daisy hath a price untold ;
The buttercup is virgin gold ;
While oriole, from his trembling throat,
Lets fall a new and tender note ;
And the song-sparrow, from the tree,
Chirps an especial joy to me.

Whence this transfiguration bright,
Baptizing earth with Heavenly light ?
This deep and secret ecstasy—
A-throb through May's sweet mystery—
Yielding to every hue and tone
A subtle beauty, not its own ?

Beside my path, with prattle sweet,
Walketh a child, on faltering feet ;
Who trod but late life's outer verge,
Where death's cold waves forever surge,
And lingering on its lonely shore,
Peered into Heaven through open door ;
Who wears, still woven in her hair,
The shimmer of its lambent air.
The while we watched her lingering wait
Uncertain at the mystic gate,
How brightly did love's signals burn,
To tempt her tiny foot's return ;
How oft, in agony of prayer,
We begged the Lord this lamb to spare ;
Till His good angels led her back,
And loosed our hearts from grief's hot rack.
Now, with a memory of the skies
Still looking from her azure eyes,
Ineffable and gentle grace
Still shining on her blanched face—
Unto our air, her breath has brought
The sweetness on that journey caught ;
Hers is the charm, whose presence brings
This nameless grace to common things.
Anemone and violet
New beauty from her touch beget !
The dandelions 'mid the grass
Flash up like gems to see her pass !
To pave her path the apple shakes,
In scented showers, its snowy flakes !

And lilacs launch upon the wind
Their former fragrance, thrice refined !
Joy's benediction droppeth down,
With Godlike touch, each plant to crown !
In silent praise, the forest trees
Fling out their banners to the breeze !
While orchards, pulsing to the psalm,
From silvery censers scatter balm !
All nature hails with gratitude
The miracle of life renewed !

So sings my soul to Thee, dear Lord,
For the sweet gift of hope restored !

"TO STAND."

 RANT me a patient courage, Lord!
Sore wounded and with broken
sword,

Beset on every hand :
A lonely and forsaken man,
Far at the doubtful battle's van
To stand !

Weary, athirst and well nigh spent,
O, for a speedy succor sent
From out Thy royal band !
It is so hard, in wreck and rout,
'Mid dying faith and living doubt,
To stand !

Yet o'er the conflict's din and heat,
Thy golden trumpet soundeth sweet :
"Yield not, my son, but stand !"
It is not mine to say Thee, "Nay ;"
Mine but to hearken, to obey—
To stand !

Then if I perish, let me die
Fronting my foes right valiantly;
 Thy colors in my hand !
Since death is but the joyful word
That calleth me before my Lord
 To stand !

(Written on Orange Mountain—New York City and Brooklyn
Bridge in sight, and a rainbow arching over the city.)

TRANSFIGURATION.

*"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are
unseen are eternal."*



LL day the mists with shadowy wing
Had half concealed the glorious
spring—

While from my heart fatigue and doubt
Had barred God's perfect shining out.
The sun had passed the wooded crest
Of the fair hills that guard the west—
When, through some glen along the height,
Sudden it shot a gleam of light
That o'er the middle landscape rolled,
A wave of amber mixed with gold !
It swept across the fields of June
And showed them fairer than the noon.
The vane above the village spire
Flamed like a torch of sacred fire,
While common objects flushed and shone
With a strange beauty not their own.
Eastward it spread its lambent flood,
To where the distant city stood,

Transfiguring by its radiance bright
Her homes to palaces of light,
Till like the new Jerusalem
Its streets flashed gold—each gate a gem !
Then climbing upward to the sky
It built a rainbow, broad and high,
A double arch of pulsing hue,
That rose against the heavenly blue,
And seemed to my enraptured eyes
The portal into Paradise !

Thus, mused I, doth God's touch transform
The cloudy day of doubt and storm—
While the hard paths of toil and care,
Illumined by His smile seem fair ?
Thus life takes on transcendent grace
Beneath the shining of His face !

Soon night had blurred the vision out,
But with the darkness came no doubt ;
What though the tinted archway die ?
The real bridge still spans the sky,
And up from earthly shadows dim
I cross God's promises to Him !

THE SOUL'S TRYST.



H ! speed ye laggard hours away,
And bring the welcome gloam-
ing,
For with the fading of the day,
My brightest bliss is coming !
To meet alone, in holy tryst,
My royal lover—Jesus Christ !

I have His pledge that He will be
Just past these glaring meadows—
In yon dark glen, unknown to me—
Deep veiled in mystic shadows.
But, ah ! what spot can long be dim,
So I but meet and talk with Him !

My timid heart, in quick affright,
Shrinks from the darkness lonely;
But I would walk through blackest night,
If but to touch Him only !
For once His thrilling voice I hear,
My fluttering heart forgets its fear.

I ne'er have seen His glorious face,
Save through some dreamy presage ;
But I have learnt His gentle grace
In many a tender message.
How shall I bear the blest surprise
That waits me in His matchless eyes !

Then haste, oh, night ! with flying feet,
And bring the tardy gloaming !
That I may taste the rapture sweet,
That crowns my bridegroom's coming !
My soul is faint to feel the bliss,
That He is mine and I am His !

AUTUMNAL SABBATH.



H! this is more "rare than a day in
June!"

This twilight time of the circling
year ;

Nature hath tried each changing tune
Through spring-time sweet, and summer
dear ;

And now in these ripe autumnal days
Holdeth her festival of praise !

And if her chorus in youthful May
Thrilled with a rapture more intense,
The soundless psalm that she sings to-day
Is rich in wealth of experience ;
That was the bliss of an opening life—
This is the peace that has outlived strife.

The filmy haze that is floating about,
And tinging the air with its pearly mist—
No sullen vapor born of doubt—
Is like to the halo worn by Christ ;
A tender symbol of Heavenly love,
A trace of the atmosphere above.

The royal trees on the mountain's slope—
Though bud and blossom and fruit are
gone,
In flaming garments of joy and hope
Await their guerdon for duty done ;
The message coming by winter's breath—
A promise of resting—not of death.

But underlying the season's balm,
And deeper than simple sense of ease,
The soul is aware of a speechless calm,
The passing glimpse of its future peace ;
And feels that a fruitful life is blest
With the crowning gift of a perfect rest.

Oh ! tender veil of Octobral mist !
That lures, yet limits, my longing view,
Like Heaven's own portals of amethyst,
That human vision would fain look
through ;
May my mortality pass away
With the tranquil joy of this autumn day !

NEBO.



OMETIMES from off Joy's crown-
ing height

God grants fair visions to my
sight—

Sweet valleys of supreme delight !
But when my feet would speed away
To taste their fruits without delay,
He bars my path and tells me, "Nay !"
Yet whispers, while the sad surprise
Still lingers in my downcast eyes,
"Come up instead—to Paradise !"

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.



DAY of joy!—and glad hosanna!
Past the wilderness and manna!
Canaan reached with waving
banner!

On sweet Salem fondly gazing—
Bulwarks, towers and walls amazing—
Burst, oh, heart—with song and praising!

Oh! how passing fair she lieth!
City where no sufferer sigheth!
In whose homes no child e'er crieth—
No one wearieth—no one dieth.

Oh! ecstatic swift transition!
From the waste, to fields Elysian!
Up from faith to perfect vision!

Doubt is slain—and vanquished Sighing!
Chained, Captivity is lying;
Tyrant Death himself is dying!

Conquerors in bright procession
Marching up to blest possession—
Theirs, through Jesus' intercession.

Sword and mail from strife laborious,
Gleaming in the pageant glorious,
Pass the jeweled gates victorious !

Kings and priests from every nation
Celebrate Christ's coronation ?
Hail Him—Captain of Salvation !

Million-voiced the mighty chorus :
" Worthy Jesus to reign o'er us !
" He hath paid the ransom for us !
" He doth endless life restore us ! "

Oh ! thou song of bliss eternal !
Oh ! thou land, forever vernal !
Oh ! thou day of light supernal !

As the hart athirst and panting,
So our weary souls are fainting,
Quick to taste thy joys enchanting !

Sound, oh trump ! thy note of thunder !
Rend the clouds of night asunder !
Bring the dawn of blissful wonder !

SYMPATHY.

TO MRS. E. C. T.



LITTLE, slender, grassy mound,
Barely a span above the ground,
Walleth my whole horizon
round ;

Forever present to my sight—
By sunny noon and starry night
It casts eclipse o'er all my light ;
Above the hilltops, towering high,
Its outline seems to reach the sky
And hide all beauty from my eye.

My empty arms—so full of late—
Ache for the lack of that sweet weight,
The jewel of my whole estate—
Of my own life, so dear a part,
With it hath gone my inmost heart,
And left a hidden, speechless smart—
A pang through all my womanhood,
That poisons every mirthful mood,
That robbeth sleep and loatheth food.

Yet, secret balm is sent to me
By voiceless human sympathy,
Like messages from Deity ;
Till now—how could I know, or guess,
How much of God's own tenderness
Thrills through a loving friend's caress ?
I always knew my Lord was good,
But ne'er before had understood
His gentleness and brotherhood ;
How could I know the vast degree
Of love that led infinity
To yield its best beloved for me ?

Thus, in the furrows, ploughed by pain,
Joys are resown like golden grain,
And beauty shall be born again.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

"Take no thought for the morrow;

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."



FOOLISH heart, why wilt thou
 borrow
 Phantom troubles by the way,
 Why, with prophecies of sorrow,
 Fright the present joy away?
 God is Sovereign of to-morrow;
 Only thine to serve to-day!

By a Father's love dictated—
 Every care that comes to thee,
 Each day's task is gauged and weighted
 To thy soul's capacity;
 And with God's own pledge is freighted:
 "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Shrink not then from burden bearing,
 Grasp each duty in thy road,
 What th' Almighty hand is sharing
 Cannot prove a crushing load;
 It shall end in guerdon wearing,
 When thy wage is due from God.

SOMETIMES.

*"A window shalt thou make to the ark—thou shalt
finish it above."*

OMETIMES God bids my soul em-
bark

On sorrow's surging sea—
Close locked in some experience dark,
To which He holds the key ;
In silent loneliness, my ark,
Drifts on in mystery !

But lest my faith should fail through doubt,
In my adversity,
His love so walls me round about,
The waves I need not see ;
But from one window, may look out
On Heaven's serenity !

And flashing through, God's snow-white
dove
Brings pledge of quick release—
Sweet proof that on His heights of love,
Where raging billows cease,
I soon shall rest, the floods above,
On mountain tops of peace !

A LIVING EPISTLE.

TO MRS. R. R. R.



F AIR as the gospel of the Holy Writ,
A human life that well interprets
it ;

Whose common words and deeds trans-
figured, shine

With the same light that lit the Life divine.

This hallowed charm, thy daily influence
yields,

As subtle odors haunt the harvest fields ;

While nameless quiet mingles with thy life,

A calm rebuke to noise and petty strife.

Thine, the rare grace, sure symbol of the
saint,

A patient trust that uttereth no complaint—

But meekly bends beneath God's discipline,

Whose heaviest burden wraps most love
within.

And holiest trait of noblest womanhood,
That slayeth self to gain another's good,
And consecrates the willing hands and feet,
To helpful tasks and ministrations sweet.

Sure thou hast learned such gentleness of
 mien,
Through constant converse with the Naza-
 rine,
And art—as friend, as mother, daughter,
 wife—
A sweet epistle of His perfect life !

SUMMER SUNSET.



WEET day of summer balm and
rest,

Oh, stay thy flight !

Still wave, above yon mountain's crest,

Thy banners bright !

Still hold the portals of the west

Against the night !

Lo ! how the waving forest trees

Beckon thy stay !

Hark, how the fragrant evening breeze

Doth woo delay !

While thrushes plead across the leas,

Pass not away !

But though all nature join the cry,

Not yet—not yet !

Behind yon rocky rampart high

Thy sun will set !

Each bird will hush—each floweret's eye

With tears be wet !

E'en now beyond the purpling hill
Thy light hath past :
The woodland shadows, silent, chill—
Are o'er me cast.
The while thou wingest, tireless till
Thou gild the east !

The Father knows we cannot bear
Unclouded light ;
Therefore each perfect day must share
With darksome night—
Until He bring that dawning fair,
Eternal—bright !

MINISTRY.



W HENE'ER in a disciple's name, is
given
A cup of cooling to some fainting
heart ;
The Master, bending from His throne in
Heaven,
Blesses the offering by drinking part ;
Till, flushed with rapture 'neath his look
divine,
The earthly water turns to Heavenly
wine.

"UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU
TRUST."

TO MRS. E. P. W.



DO not care to trace Thee, Lord !
'Tis sweeter far to trust Thy word,
And every care resign :

The sun is an uncertain light,
And half my journey lies through night,
So faith is safer far than sight.

Be Thou my guide divine,
Hold Thou my hand in Thine !

The clouds that frighten faithless doubt,
Are but Thy curtains, shutting out

What Thou wouldst kindly hide,
Or the dark mantle, which Thine arm
Wraps round me, sheltering and warm,
A covert from the wind and storm,
Close held against Thy side,
Lord ! there would I abide !

Faith finds a far serener rest,
Thus held in darkness on Thy breast,
Than sight could ever know :
I feel so sure, whate'er may come,
So held, my soul can never roam,
But journeys safely toward the home
To which I fain would go—
Lord ! hold me ever so !

THE HEAVENLY CLIMATE.

HE tender morning-glory, there,
Fears not to taste the noontide air;
Its tinted chalice, fragile, bright,
Outheld into eternal light,
And filled unto its jeweled brim—
Feasts on the radiance shed by Him,
Who, in the realm of love the King,
Saveth from blight the frailest thing!

REVERIES.



I AM lying at my ease
Along the grass ;
Watching through o'erarch-
ing trees,
The clouds that pass ;
Silent sailing argosies,
Drifting day-dreams of the skies,
They enchant my drowsy eyes
Like Lethean glass.

Close at hand a busy bee,
From out his flower,
Hums a soft reproach to me,
For squandered hour ;
E'en the sun's slow shifting beam,
Murmuring ripples of the stream,
While they stimulate my dream
Protest its power !

“Hast thou left no task undone,
Within thy sphere—
Thus, like thriftless summer drone,
To loiter here?”

“I have fled, to harmless dreams,
From the web of worldly schemes,
Where man is not, what he seems,
To trust or fear!”

Though all things their motion keep
Through earth and sky,
Only I, in wakeful sleep
An idler lie;
Yet, while prone upon this sod,
I the paths of thought have trod,
I have met and walked with God,
In company!

Man may gather, stretched at ease,
On clovery ground,
Rarer sweets, oh, honey bees!
Than ye have found;
Leisure lends him airy wings,
Wide the mystic portal flings,
Bids him look on hidden things
This life that bound.

Hours that lure one out of self,
To realms afar,

Past the strife for worldly pelf,
 Blest moments are.
Time thus spent, is not a theft,
Bearer of some Heaven sent gift,
We are by its coming, left
 Richer than we were !

THE EMPTY NEST.



BETTER an empty nest should be,
Within my winter-stricken tree ;
Than that through all the summer
long,

I should have missed the robin's song ;
Far better, music half the year,
Than none, through its long lapse to hear.

The bird hath flown—its minstrelsy
Still soundeth in my memory,
For joy, once tenant of the heart,
Leaveth some record ere he part ;
An angel footprint on the floor
Indelible forevermore ;
Or on the wall some touch of grace,
Nor time, nor tears shall e'er efface.

Build, then, within my nest, oh, snow,
Thy monument to present woe ;
I yield to thee the vacant shrine,
The exiled, summer song—is mine !

A MIDSUMMER EVE IN SWEDEN.

LOSE clasped by present Joy, how
seeming brief
Our long captivity to weary
Grief—

Summer is here, and in her short, sweet
reign,
The world forgets its long, dark wintry
pain.

On Mæler's limpid lake at ease I float—
Peace holds my helm, from noisy care re-
mote—

By shady banks where white-stemmed
birches lean

To trail their banners pendulous and green,
And stately rushes bow their plumes to see
The liquid semblance of their symmetry.

From the old castle, slumbering on the shore,
Sound the weird songs of Odin, Frey and
Thor,

In manly voices, mellow, tenuous, clear,
Like mystic music of an upper sphere.

Long since the golden sun hath sunk from
sight,

And dawned the silver day of northern
night—

The soft midsummer of the Arctic sky,
Where the long twilight lingers lovingly.
Among the pads where sleeping lillies lie,
My heart like theirs' thrown open to the sky,
I drift and dream in measureless content,
Serene and soundless as the firmament,
Whose azure arches bend above me near,
Their circles finished in the tranquil mere ;
While I, at rest within my fragile boat,
Midway between two perfect heavens float,
In that rare calm whence springs the happy
doubt,

If Heaven is part within nor all without.
Deep in pellucid mirrors of the stream,
The last mementoes of the sunset gleam—
Sapphire and ruby, topaz, amethyst,
Shimmer like jewels on a robe of mist ;
Till the gay perch, upleaping from the
tide—

The same bright colors sparkling on his
side—

In curving ripples breaks the casket up,
Its gems dissolving in their crystal cup.
Cool shores of silence beckon me from strife,
I drift afar from the fatigues of life ;
As to the bird, poised on the wing in space,

Motion is only more delicious peace ;
From e'en the effort of a thought set free,
Mere sense of being brings full bliss to me,
Deepens the calm—till blest beyond my
doubt,
Heaven fills my heart and wraps me round
about—
While on, in sweet content, I float and float,
On Mæler's lake, with Peace to guide my
boat.

A NAME.

TO S. D. R.



SOME things in nature are so passing
fair,
And clothed with such inexplica-
ble grace,
That language hath no word so fitly rare,
The secret of their loveliness to trace—
We name the violet, but we cannot tell
The subtle charms that shrine its life as
well ;
Its beauty baffles all our speech, and yet,
We name it, when we name the violet.

Within my heart there dwells an image
sweet,
Symbol of all things gentle, lovely, good,
A life wherein the heavenly graces meet
To make and crown a perfect womanhood;
God's purple wraps her like the floweret's
bloom
Her love diffuses like its sweet perfume.
Vain all my words her virtues to define,
I sum them in a name, sweet sister mine !

"MEUM ET TUUM."

The four ranks of men according to the Talmud.



ANKIND may all be measured by
 one sign,
 The way in which their daily lives
 define
 The spirit of these two words : "mine and
 thine."

Of lowest rank that grasping mortal is,
 At heart a robber—full of cruelties—
 Who claims both "mine and thine" as
 wholly his.

And low enough, gauged by this subtle line,
 The justice—clutching after fee and fine—
 Who cries, "take that thine is, but touch
 not mine!"

Then comes a nature born of nobler blood,
 Of impulse generous for the common good,
 Who counts "mine, thine—thine, mine," in
 brotherhood.

But only on His Kingly face doth shine
The radiant proof of lineage divine,
Who saith, “All Mine is thine, as thine is
thine!”

BEAUTY REVEALED.



T stood apart, an ill-formed palm,
The scorn of thoughtless eyes;
Yet midst the winter's wild alarm,
It brought us sweet surprise.
Outholding on its fair, five-fingered hand
A dainty blossom from the summer land !

THE REST THAT REMAINETH.



LAND of asphodel and thornless
rose !

Of sleepless rest and slumberless
repose !

O glorious life, triumphant over this,
Whose ceaseless service is eternal bliss,
When shall I, past the restlessness of sin,
Under thy peaceful portal enter in ?

NOW ARE YE THE SONS OF GOD.

IF God be Father unto me,
 Then am I born to royalty,
 That need not fear adversity ;
 For, past the power of change or chance,
 I have a sure inheritance !
 And small the lack of earthly things
 To children of the King of kings ;
 For they can well afford to wait,
 Who are the heirs to such estate !

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.



Y soul into the noontide fight,
With joyous thrill
Of valor flies !
But when the dark and weary night,
With silent chill,
Drops down the skies ;
When faith must show, instead of sight,
The Master's will—
My courage dies.

I covet much earth's golden crown ;
Its weight of dross
Would gladly bear ;
But if my Savior sendeth down
From off the cross,
The one worn there,
That coronet—Christ's very own—
I count but loss,
And shrink to wear !

I find it hard, in patience meet,
To wait Thy will,
Oh, love divine !

To fold my hands—to stay my feet—
 And *keeping still*,
 My wish resign !
To say in trustful spirit sweet,
 Through seeming ill,
 Thy way—not mine !

O ! Man of Sorrows—Jesus dear !
 Stretch out to me
 Thy touch of balm !
Forget not thorn and nail and spear
 Once wounded Thee,
 Head, heart and palm !
Unto my grief draw very near ;
 Thy sympathy
 Shall make me calm !

GETHSEMANE.

 INTO the gloomy grove of woe,
Where man must meet his fate,
Lover, or friend, can scarcely go
Beyond the outer gate ;

Save some dear heart that clingeth tight,
And will not be denied,
But on, through loneliness and night,
Still holdeth at his side ;

Till Pain, stern guide, bids it begone,
Or shuts the wearied sense,
And leaves him, wrestling all alone,
With agony intense.

Yet, past the bound of human love,
And mortal sympathies,
An angel meets him from above,
With chalice of the skies ;

Whose mystic drops hold subtle power
To transmute pain and loss,
And turn to triumph that dark hour
That sends him to the cross.

“WHICH PASSETH UNDER-
STANDING.”



JESUS, Man of Sorrow,
Thou Son of God, the
King !

What language shall I borrow,
Thy boundless love to sing ?
No mortal words can measure
The burdens Thou didst take,
Accepting pain as pleasure,
All for my sinful sake.

By Thine own kin neglected ;
By trusted ones denied ;
By bitter foes rejected,
Thorn-crowned and crucified.
Earth's hatred and affliction
In patience Thou didst bear,
Returning benediction
For cross and nail and spear !

Had ever love such proving,
Was ever love so priced?
Ah, what is all my loving,
Compared with Thine, O Christ!
'Tis scarcely worth the gaining—
This paltry heart of mine;
And yet, for its obtaining,
Thou paid'st a price divine.

"FATHER, SAVE ME FROM THIS
HOUR!"

HE very hour thy soul would shun,
May prove thy life's climactic one;
Within its fleeting grasp may lie
Control of all Eternity!
So in the chance thou wouldst despise,
God may have wrapped thy destinies!
Therefore distrust thy vision dim,
And laboring, leave the end to Him!

PANOPLY.



FEARLESS faith, with naked
breast,
More safely fronts the giant foe,
Than timid doubt, though he should go
In plates of triple armor drest.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

A. T. S.



IF I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me
so,

Were noticed by my Lord—
The pang, that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser pains of daily life,
The noise, the weariness, the strife—
What peace it would afford !

I wonder if he really shares
In all my little human cares,
This mighty King of kings ?
If He, Who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things ?

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill, would come such bliss
That I might covet pain ;
And deem whatever brought to me

The loving thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart hath not a doubt
That Thou dost compass me about,
With sympathy divine !
The love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth, ever, to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

TIRED MOTHER'S COMFORT.

M. T. D.



DO not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care,
If it were not for this—
That Jesus seemeth always near —
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love, or cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss.

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares—
Too small for me to tell—
Things e'en my husband cannot see,
Nor his dear love uplift from me,
Each hour's unnamed perplexity,
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast ;
The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
Which turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus—each and all—
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word,
He knows what thought my heart hath
stirred,
And, by divine caress, my Lord
Makes all its throbbing cease.

And then, upon His loving breast,
My weary head is laid at rest,
In peace serenely sweet ;
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to draw me forth again,
From such divine retreat.

XLVI PSALM.



HAT other refuge half so sweet,
What other strength so strong,
What help so near to weary feet
That flee from grief and wrong?

The world is full of strife and noise,
A cruel, raging sea,
That wrecks our hopes, that strands our
joys,
And whelms tranquility.

Yet compassing this ocean's bound,
Untroubled by its roar,
God's brooding love doth circle round
An ever present shore.

On whose blest verge forever cease
Earth's tempest and alarm ;
The surging passions, lulled to peace,
Hush in perpetual calm.

DISCIPLINE.



DEAR Lord, I thank Thee for this
life,

With all its care, and pain, and
strife,

Its weary round of duty ;
Since by Thy grace I have been taught,
That with its warp is interwrought
Thy mystic woof of beauty !

That 'neath its surface mystery,
Safe and unmarred forever lie,
Sweet plans of Thy designing ;
The purposes of love divine,
To sanctify this soul of mine,
By processes refining.

Life would not find its inner poise,
Unless its superficial joys
By outer winds were shaken ;
Faith would not rise to holy trust,
Until dethroned, and in the dust,
Its idols lay forsaken.

Hearts could not gauge the thought of rest,
Or courage grow, without the test
 Of toil and bitter trial ;
Souls would not learn to follow Christ
With daily cross, and love unpriced,
 Were there no self-denial.

Since all these things are for my sake,
Grant me Thy grace, to gladly take
 Each with its hidden treasure ;
And help my restless heart to reach
The wish to learn what Thou wouldst teach,
 Till Thy will prove my pleasure.

BETHANY.

*"Said I not unto thee if thou wouldst BELIEVE, thou shouldst
SEE the glory of God?"*



DOPE within my heart is sinking
At the trouble in my home ;
Weary is my brain with thinking,
Of what sorrow yet may come.

Jesus—Master ! Thine appearing,
Swift would end my anxious fearing—
Haste with comfort and with cheering—
To Thy friend in Bethany !

I have sent Him pressing message—
That our loved one lieth sick ;
Told Him all my gloomy presage,
Begged His healing presence quick !
Still no answer doth He make me,
Yet His help must overtake me !
Surely He will not forsake me,
Groping in the darkness thick !

Now I know I am forsaken !
Else my dear one had not died—
Test like this had ne'er o'ertaken—
Soul whom Jesus stood beside !

Shroud my treasure for entombing,
Long shalt be life's weary gloaming,
In a home to which Christ's coming,
Thus hath plainly been denied !

Shame upon thine unbelieving !
Infinite His love to thee !
Mighty proof, past the conceiving
Soon thy wondering eyes shall see !
Just while thy faint heart is weakest,
Comes the succor that thou seekest,
Even while of doubt thou speakest,
Jesus enters Bethany !

Fling aside thy robe of sadness !
Quit thy mourning chamber dim !
Hie thee forth, with hasteful gladness,
On the path to welcome Him !
Clasped in His divine affection,
Joy shall overcome dejection !
Faith spring up in resurrection !
Deathless at the voice of Him !

TWILIGHT.



TS filmy veil o'er summer skies
It drew, and cooled their fervid
dyes.

With tender tint on field and dell,
The light across the landscape fell.

In softened shadows bathed the grove,
And wooed the maid to own her love.

It murmured to the nodding flower,
"Sweet sister! sleep, 'tis evening hour."

Bade the red robin rest his wing,
And 'mid the boughs soft vespers sing.

It touched the glow-worm in the swamp,
Crying, "Arise, and trim thy lamp!"

The drowsing cricket on the hearth
Awoke, to tune its song of mirth. .

It flushed on tired childhood's cheek,
And said, "Thy dreamy pillow seek."

To plowman, at his cottage door,
It whispered, "Rest ! day's toil is o'er."

To wistful watcher by the sea,
"The morn may bring thy ship to thee !"

It crowned the saint upon his bier,
"Sleep well, God's own ! the night is here !"

Kissed off the tears from weeping eyes,
"Have faith ! the day again shall rise !"

Its passing ray, through chancel pane,
Wrote on the urn, "This life is vain !"

The spire's gold cross, athwart the sky,
Flashed its last words, "'Tis gain to die !"

And so with vari-colored thought
Were evening shadows interwrought.

Thus to the earth, the fading light,
Gave benediction of the night.

PHILIP.

*"Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not
known Me?"*



O long time by thy side
And yet unknown?
Morn, noon, at even-tide
And midnight lone.

When have My following feet
Once left thy path?
When failed for thee to meet
E'en Heaven's wrath?

Did ever love like Mine
So sweetly bless?
Or other hand touch thine
With such caress?

Forgettest thou the scorn
I bore for thee—
The nail, the spear, the thorn
On Calvary?

Thine, all the blissful gain—
Mine, all the loss !
On thee no crushing pain,
On Me the cross !

Lo ! on My patient brow
The crimson sweat !
Dost thou remember now ?
Canst thou forget ?

Ah ! black and dismal day !
Ah ! direful lot !
If thou shouldst hear Me say,
I know thee not !

"I SHALL BE LIKE HIM, FOR I
SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS!"

 AVIOR, dear ! my heart is burning
For a passing glimpse of Thee ;
Sad and weary, I am yearning
For that sweet felicity !

Thou art near, whate'er betide me,
Oft I feel Thy touch of grace ;
Ah ! while Thou art close beside me,
Let me look upon Thy face.

One short moment so enchanting,
Life's long pain would compensate,
And thenceforth, though sick and fainting,
I could ne'er be desolate !

Patience ! oh, thou child of sorrow,
Soon the wished-for sight shall come,
Soon shall dawn the blest to-morrow,
When My hand shall lead thee home.

Then in hours of blest fruition
I will show My face divine,
And, transfigured by the vision,
Thou shalt wear a look like Mine.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

 OLD fast thy faith—nor fear the
night!

God's love is omnipresent light,
And will not leave companionless
The trustful soul in its distress.
Joy's crowning ecstasy is found
Outside her tropic's summer bound,
When led by stern experience forth
To frozen deserts of the North,
She sees the peaks of sorrow's zone
Transfigured by the midnight sun!

MINE.

*“ If God so clothe the grass, shall He not MUCH MORE clothe
YOU?”*



ONLY a little blade of grass,
My days are few, and quickly pass.
Low in an humble sphere I lie,
Spurned by the foot of passer by.
Yet all the force of pregnant earth
Was requisite to give me birth :
All of the winter's frost and snow ;
All of the summer's affluent glow ;
The subtle processes of light,
The mystic spells of silent night ;
Kind ministry of boundless spheres,
Long patience of eternal years !
Love's sweet, persuasive influence,
The fiat of omnipotence !
Less than all this, my lifeless grain,
Still 'neath the dust of earth had lain,
Therefore I claim them all my own,
As if no stem, but mine, had grown.
And so may'st thou, oh, soul of mine !
Claim all the wealth of Love divine,

As *wholly* and *entirely* thine—
As if, upon this springing sod,
No knee had knelt, no foot had trod,
Save thine, the *only* child of God !

SURRENDER.



DEAR Lord ! It does not seem to me
That I can yield this thing to
Thee !

It nestles in my heart so deep,
It surely must be *mine to keep* !
Thou wilt not take it, I am sure ;
Thou art so rich, I am so poor !

Not that I do not love Thee, Lord ;
Oh ! best beloved ! most adored !
But this sweet thing is dear to me,
Because it holds me near to Thee ;
Nor can I think its pure caress
Could ever make me love Thee less !

And yet, dear Lord ! if Thou dost see
That this love keepeth aught from Thee ;
If it doth seem to intervene
Thy loving heart and mine between ;
Take it ! I would not do Thee wrong !
Thou'lt take me to Thyself ere long !

IN MEMORIAM.



THE world is lovelier for our Father's
life—

And death less dreaded since we
saw him die.

His silent grave rebukes all earthly strife,
And fitly crowns the calmness of his life—
It is our sweetest shrine beneath the sky!

No spectral doubts or questions meet us
there—

To lay their chilling touch upon our
heart ;

But angel memories throng the peaceful
air,

And hopes wing forward into regions fair,
Where re-united love shall never part.

Oh blessed life—whose influences last
When the loved form is hidden from our
sight—

Whose very grave, a narrow archway, fast,
The Heavenly future, bindeth to the past—
And builds a bridge unto eternal light.

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